2: Rock K-5 (1934-) 1947 AF16 Southwest China AF16

some 20 li from Lhasa. The name of his incarnation is mKhan-sprul-blo-bzang-ye-shes-bstan-hdzin-bdang-phyug[9] (pronounced Khentrül Lo-zang Ye-she ten dzin wang chhug). The original Huo-fu was a native of Gya-rong (rGya-rong) in west Ssu-ch'uan. The first incarnation went from Lhasa to Peking, whither the late Dalai Lama had gone after the Younghusband expedition, to invite him to return to Lhasa. He was then an old man and on the return journey he died at Ku-mbum (sKu-hbum) a famous monastery in Amdo, west Kan-su. The second incarnation died as a child, and the third is the little boy born on the island of Nyo-ro-p'u (PLATE 254). The boy now grown to manhood left for Lhasa in December 1943.

On the eastern side of the island, just below the highest point, is a little bay called Khi-mun (Dead bodies). Here, several hundred years ago, were washed ashore the bodies of Na-khi soldiers of Mu Sheng-pai (Mu Sen-pe) who tried to reach the island on a raft but were upset in a gale and drowned.

The island must have been inhabited either in those days or still earlier, for when the Tsung-kuan dug the foundation for his house he found some stone sculptures deeply buried on the top of the island. One of these stones with a bas-relief of a lion he utilized as the pedestal for an incense burner before the shrine of Seng-ge ga-mu (PLATE 246).

On the highest point of the island the Tsung-kuan erected a rather nice residence with a lama chapel on the top floor, and living quarters below. An earlier-built house he renovated in 1931 and had glassed-in, at considerable expense, when it is remembered that glass panes had to be carried on mule-back by caravan for over a month from K'un-ming, the capital of Yün-nan province. In this house surrounded by a verandah with a wonderful view over the entire lake, I spent some happy weeks translating Na-khi literature in 1931–1932. Immediately back of the main building is a shrine dedicated to the mountain goddess Seng-ge ga-mu (PLATE 246). Gongs hang in the trees and prayer-flags are tied to the branches; an incense burner in front of the shrine belches forth white smoke in the morning and evening, when pine branches are burnt as offering to the mountain goddess. In the stillness of the morning and evening air an attendant strikes a gong, the deep, sonorous tones of which are carried far over the peaceful waters of the lake. At the very end of the island is a little gem of a rest or tea-house, beautiful and artistic in every way. There I also spent many happy as well as anxious weeks in 1929 when soldier-rebels were nearing this peaceful, heavenly spot. *See:* J. F. ROCK, Konka Risumgongba, Holy Mountain of the Outlaws, in the *National Geographic Magazine* Vol. LX No. 1, July 1931.

Now the island of Nyo-ro-p'u is forsaken, the man who gave life to it — was its very soul — is no more. His family moved first to Ta-lo-shui on the lake-shore, but later on returned again to the island. Since then the walls have crumbled, and the island has been turned over to pigs who are dislodging every rock and uproot the trees causing wreck and ruin. The remains of A Yün-shan (Cloud mountain), father of this peaceful little territory, who breathed his last on this blessed island on July 20th, 1933, were cremated on the summit spur of Nyo-ro-p'u, the place he loved and where he

[9] ཨཁན་སྤྲུལ་བློ་བཟང་ཡེ་ཤེས་བསྟན་འཛིན་བདང་ཕྱུག